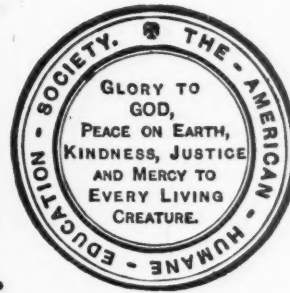


Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.
"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 42

Boston, October, 1909

No. 5



Photograph by the New York Zoological Society

AMERICAN BISON

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BISON RANGE IN MONTANA

A permanent national range for the American bison is to be established on the Flathead Indian Reservation in Montana. An appropriation of \$30,000 for the purchase of land, not to exceed 12,800 acres, and \$10,000 for fencing, was made by the last Congress.

The American Bison Society assumed the responsibility of stocking this range and quickly raised \$10,000, which will enable it to provide a herd of not less than forty buffaloes. These animals are being selected by Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, who is now in Montana for this purpose.

We hope these eleventh-hour efforts to save the American bison from complete extinction will be successful. From the countless thousands of buffaloes that only a generation ago covered the plains of the West, but a few hundred now remain. Such a wanton massacre as marks their bloody trail is unparalleled in American history, but, before it is too late, we hope to be saved from the disgrace of having completely destroyed another species of our native fauna.

The energetic measures that are being put forth will result in the salvation of the bison. Secure in an almost ideal reservation and under the watchful protection of the government this foundation herd should increase to such numbers as will remove all danger of extinction.

OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT TAFT

We are very glad to know that the churches of our country are alive to the special teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, which it is our mission to practice and to preach, and we respond with a hearty amen to this appeal of Ohio Methodists, which reaches us just as we go to press:

Respected Sir:

We ask you to help form a world sentiment against bullfights, by urging Americans abroad not to attend them.

They are bad enough for the bulls, but when blind-folded horses, worn out in the service of man, are torn open by the horns of the bulls; sewed up and again brought into the ring, it is base ingratitude added to inhumanity.

It is claimed that Americans have attended bullfights in foreign countries. If they paid to see men or animals fight in America they would be liable to fine. If it is wrong to encourage brutality by paying gate money to witness it in America, the same thing is wrong in Spain.

Americans should go to Spain not only to admire the beauty of its rivers and its mountains, but to cultivate new beauties in the lives of her people. Instead of spending time and money to witness scenes of horrible cruelty they should co-operate with sojourners from other countries in helping organize Spanish societies for the promotion of mercy.

People are governed by law and public sentiment. Americans and other Europeans cannot make laws for Spain, but rich tourists who spend freely at Spanish hotels may do much to form public sentiment.

EAST OHIO CONFERENCE,
per E. A. Simons, Secretary,
Canton, O., Sept. 20, 1909.

Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore!

H. W. LONGFELLOW

For Our Dumb Animals by the Author of "Beautiful Joe" and "My Pets"

ANIMALS IN RELATION TO CIVIC REFORM

Improved Living Conditions Urged for Horses, Cows, Dogs, Cats, Pigeons, Etc.

All lovers of humanity are intensely interested in the widespread movement for civic reform that is sweeping over this continent. The very air is alive with civic courage and determined and united purpose. We are going to have improved waterways, thoroughfares, subways, park systems with better railway terminal facilities, and remodeled houses; new health and police departments, and many other reforms, making us feel that when we get them the Millenium will have arrived.

In looking over the plans for reform of the various cities, I am struck by one omission—no mention is made of one very important matter, namely, the relation of the lower creation to the health of cities. We have in all our cities a four-footed and winged population. Second only to human welfare is theirs. In fact, we are interdependent. A citizen may live in a fine house, and yet be ill because of unsanitary conditions in his stable. In all these schemes for civic betterment, some account should be taken of these lower-order friends of ours.

I should like to see our Humane Societies in different cities putting in a plea for improved living conditions for horses, cows, dogs, cats, pigeons, sparrows—yes, and even rats and mice, though as to the two latter, and perhaps even the third last feathered citizen, we might plead for better dying conditions. First of all, comes the health of the human citizen. If any feathered or furred denizen of the city is a menace to the health and prosperity of human citizens, let him be put mercifully to death.

Rats and mice destroy an immense amount of property annually, as we can see by the government report from Washington. They also spread disease germs. They are intelligent, sagacious little creatures. We may deplore the necessity to kill, yet if it is necessary, it must be done.

Too Many Cats and Sparrows

There are too many cats in our cities. Plans should be adopted by which many of them could be put swiftly out of existence. When we have our fine and extensive forest reserves in connection with cities, we will want to stock them with our beautiful native birds. Cats will be against this plan. So will also Mr. English Sparrow. He, so stubborn in his prejudices against newcomers, should be thinned out or annihilated. I speak regretfully of this little fellow, for he commands admiration by his boldness and energy, and his admirable devotion to his race. Anglo-Saxons should not be too hard on the sparrow. Subdue and colonize is his motto.

A most rigid inspection of cow stables should be maintained in our new and perfect cities. This is perhaps the most important matter of all, and it is one that will probably be best attended to under the head of milk inspection. I do not fear for the cow, as I do for dogs and cats and birds.

As for horses, surely we shall have model stables in our improved cities. There is something pathetic to me about the lot of these faithful animals. They work so hard,

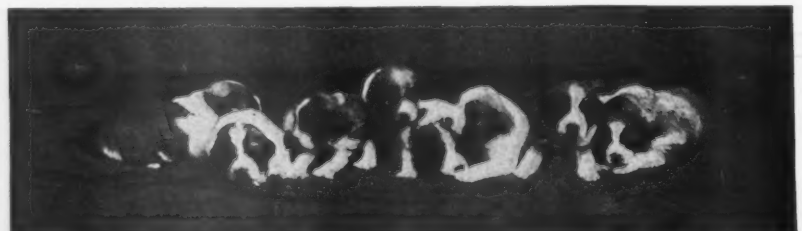
they aid us so willingly in our work of embellishing a city, and yet what reward have they? Visit the usually dirty stables where working horses are kept, inspect their scanty food supply, find out how they are robbed of even their small portion of oats and hay, and your heart will ache for them. By all means, let us have better quarters for horses in our renovated cities.

The Persevering Pigeon

Last, but not least, I would speak of those hardy, friendly, and ever-to-be-admired birds—the city pigeons. They are as persevering as English sparrows, but, unlike them, they do not injure other birds, and they can be turned into a source of profit to the city dweller of limited means. I often look up at the janitor's tiny rooms at the top of some huge office building, and compare him to the poor fisherman who despises the edible seaweed on the shore by his hut, or to the backwoodsman who sighs for beefsteak, and lets the delicious mushroom perish at his doorstep. Let janitors open a window, put a few nesting boxes round a wall, and coax the city pigeons, who are very clever at knowing their friends, into the room. These unfortunate birds have a rage for nest making. They suffer as much from lack of nests as they do from hunger and cold. This I am convinced of, after years of study of their habits. I know by experience that they are only too glad to avail themselves of the slightest opening for homes. They do not need much food when they are acting as scavengers about the city, and they absolutely do not mind if the two squabs of the first nest are taken away after they have begun a second nest. Of course, the young ones should not be killed in the sight of the parents. The two fat young squabs can be killed instantaneously by pinching the neck. They have had a happy life and a quick death. How many human citizens have that? Having nests inside, there are no unsightly heaps of sticks and straws about the tops of large buildings, the number of pigeons is kept from increasing, deaths from starvation are lessened, and the poor janitor has for supper just what the rich man in the restaurant below is having—quail on toast. Needless to say, there are not enough game birds in the country to supply half the demand.

I have but little space left to speak of our beloved friends, the dogs. Let humane workers do more and more for these noble, affectionate creatures. We want more dog and cat refuges. In every city the control of birds and beasts should be given to their best friends and admirers, the Humane Societies, but we must not fall into the error of believing that to kill dumb animals is an unkind and cruel thing. Death is often the best thing that can happen to them, and in our work for the various members of the lower creation, we must never lose sight of the great and central fact, that the health of the higher order comes first.

MARSHALL SAUNDERS,
Halifax, N. S.



A SONG

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever something sings away:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ENGLISH SKYLARKS IN WOODS

Many Varieties of Birds Brought to the Puget Sound Country

Dr. Charles McCutcheon, a wealthy retired physician of Tacoma, according to the *Ledger* of that city, has maintained, for the last five years, a large aviary in which he rears song birds from Europe and turns them loose in the fields and woods of the northwest. Dr. McCutcheon was born in England.

Today English skylarks are singing in the meadows of Puget Sound, and linnets, goldfinches, bullfinches, throats, and English blackbirds are seen and heard all over the country west of the Cascade mountains. Every day Dr. McCutcheon receives word that some of his birds have been seen, and as far away as fifty miles goldfinches are nesting and rearing their young. The kindly act of Dr. McCutcheon has been appreciated by every man, woman and child in the state, and the state legislature went so far as to pass stringent laws protecting the song birds.

Five years ago Dr. McCutcheon brought fifty birds of each variety from Liverpool and established a private aviary at his home. The first winter he lost half his flock, but when spring came he released the remainder, and soon reports came to him of observations being made to prove that his imported birds were nesting. Every year since he has imported more birds, and this spring released 500 birds of seven varieties.

"There is a lack of singing birds in the Puget Sound country," said Dr. McCutcheon, "and the first thing a stranger notices about the wide stretches of timber land in the West is the absence of singing birds. The great forests of tall trees are still as a church auditorium and not a jay disturbs the quiet."

A BIRD CENSUS

Did you ever hear of a bird census—a census of all the birds in the United States? One would think that the result would be about as uncertain as the count of chickens before they are hatched. Nevertheless, the Department of Agriculture is taking a census of the birds and their habits. It is estimated that there are 1,414,000,000 of them, which would give us only about seventeen birds apiece. But the department is studying the birds to find out how they help or hurt crops, with a view to diminishing those that injure, and increasing those which help by destroying the insects which so seriously injure grains and fruits.—*Boy Life*.

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN in *Hampton's Magazine* for September

THE BIRD-TRIBUTE TO VANITY

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This is addressed, primarily, to the women of America, because they are committing a great crime not only against humanity, but also against the purse of the nation. Nevertheless, I have faith in the American woman's essential gentleness and honesty, and I believe that, in spite of her superficial frivolity, her love of the beautiful and her fealty to fashion, she is incapable of committing such a crime, save through an ignorance which, once enlightened, must itself become a mighty weapon for the right.

The white heron egret—you well rank that, madam and miss, as one of the most beautiful of plumes. But do not suppose that its high price is the result of its beauty. It costs your milliner \$32 an ounce because the coveted plume is grown only in the breeding season; because the mother birds, who bear it, must then be shot, without any hint of "sport," while actually on their nests; because, therefore, each and every egret, of whatever finally dyed color, and worn by however apparently tender a woman, means the sacrifice of the parent and the ruthless desertion of the starving young. It is expensive because your liking for it has nearly wiped out of existence the birds from which it can be obtained.

Enormous Cost of Bird Slaughter

Here, of course, is involved merely a question of individual ethics, but if the trifling life of a bird is a matter of small moment even to the gentler sex—so long as the eyes of that sex are not outraged by an actual sight of the bloody slaughter—at least a matter of very great moment is the fact that the rise in the price of your foodstuffs, the yearly increase in your market bill, is the direct result of those feathers in your bonnet, those plumes upon your daughter's hat.

It is an admitted fact that, if our birds were properly protected against indiscriminate slaughter, the loss to our crops through insect pests would be reduced to an almost imperceptible figure; there is scarcely a word uttered in protest against the permission of that slaughter and the consequent annual loss of almost \$800,000,000, an amount nearly equal to the total capitalization of all the national banks in the United States.

Amazing as such a statement at first appears, it is, believe me, readily demonstrable. The insects kill the crops, the birds kill the insects, and we kill the birds.

Birds Natural Pest-Breakers

Birds are the instinctive enemies of the destroying insects which are, indeed, their ordained food, and their policing of the crops cannot be replaced—can, at most, be but supplemented—by such human devices as the arsenic spray. One pair of rose-breasted grosbeak can, in a week, destroy all of the potato bugs on an acre of potato vines and then keep the vines clean for the entire season, whereas two boys with a bucket of Paris green, at the traditional salary of one cent for every hundred slain bugs, cannot even approximate that record. Chemistry has brought its pest-breakers to great proficiency, but the insects continue to work too insidiously and too quickly for man adequately to cope with them. It is for you to remember, when you come to select your autumn hat, that the insect rises as the bird falls.

Let nobody hoodwink you with the statement that a species of living beings cannot be exterminated by man. That is a statement made with surprising frequency in this controversy, but one that it is

easy to disapprove. Species after species of birds have been exterminated within the memory of living men.

Few of us, indeed, realize to what extent bird slaughter is, at this moment, being carried on. In Oregon, only a short time ago, there were more Chinese pheasants than there were in China itself, and yet in Oregon, recently, 50,000 of these pheasants were slaughtered in a single day. The hunter has pronounced the doom of the wood duck and the milliner has sentenced the bluebird. The passenger pigeon, once plentiful, is now absolutely extinct—and small wonder. They used to be butchered in their breeding places by the wagon load; the trees in which they rested were felled; the squabs were bagged and slain; sulphur was burned under the branches and the stupefied victims, falling to earth, were clubbed or shot to death.

Only Plucked Egrets Are Sold

The ornithologist will tell you that it is true that the white egret is grown, and lasts only during breeding time, and that each egret in a hat means the death of a mother bird and the starvation of her young, but the average milliner will add: "These egrets that I have, however, are of a different sort. Most of them, you see, are not white, and the colored ones have been manufactured, not plucked."

That statement is simply a trade lie. That is all—a lie. The only egret used by milliners is the egret of the white heron, grown and gathered in the manner just described. If it is of any color save white, it has been dyed in deference to an unhappily increasing fashion. Herons' plumes are, it is true, often sold as "ospreys," but this is a palpable joke, since the osprey of science is the plumeless fish hawk. Invention cannot imitate the egret and "manufacture" is impossible.

Almost as much might be said—and said, of course, in vain—for the harbor gull. Priceless as we know these birds to be in their efficiency as seaside scavengers, their handsome white breast feathers have been made into millions of turbans, often with the head of their cousin, the tern, or sea swallow, perched on one side to lend "finish." The result was beautiful and you liked it, but it was beauty at a high price.

Dead Birds no Aid to Beauty

And yet women go on wearing the plumage of birds. The barn owl which destroys the gophers of the West, the cotton rats of the South and the mice of the North; the flicker, which preys upon destructive ants; the bluebird which Professor Beal, of the National Department of Agriculture, has pronounced invaluable to the farmer—all these and far beyond a score more continue, cleverly disguised, to adorn the headgear of the sex which we men have always been taught to regard as our superior in gentleness. Is it useless to say with Charles Dudley Warner that "a dead bird does not help the appearance of an ugly woman" and that "a pretty woman needs no such adornment"? Will not fatuous femininity permit even the song-birds to escape?

For my part, however, I yield place to none in my respect for the American woman, and I do not want to misdo her power over her children; I confess to no rival in my admiration for her fundamental good heart and good sense; and I do not want to believe that she is capable of knowing cruelty and deliberate economic myopia.



A YOUNG WILD GRAY SQUIRREL

Courtesy of Recreation

He obligingly climbed directly in front of the camera and posed for his picture

HUNTING WITH CAMERA

The camera is a delightful companion for a day's wandering through the woods, and the sportsman who goes out with one, instead of a rifle, returns with less game, but with pictures that instantly call to mind scenes of pleasure. The camera secures the bird, but deprives no innocent creature of its life. It is true the hunter has no venison for dinner, but he can always show the picture of the animal whose life would, but for the camera, have been sacrificed for the sake of sport.

A LIVELY SQUIRREL

An old negro who lives in the country came into town one day and saw an electric fan for the first time in his life. The whirling object at once attracted his attention and after intently gazing at it for several minutes with the greatest astonishment and curiosity he turned to the proprietor of the shop and said, "Say, boss, dat suttently is a lively squirrel you got in dis yeah cage, but he's shu'ly goin' to bus' his heart if he keep on makin' dem resolutions so fas'!"—*The Housekeeper*.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL"

SQUIRRELS IN NEW YORK VILLAGE

This year's "crop" of gray squirrels in Geneseo village is now well grown and a phenomenal crop it is, so far as numbers are concerned, observes the Geneseo correspondent of the *Rochester Post Express*.

The distinction of having domesticated gray squirrels so that they abound throughout the town and even make their homes on its Main street can be boasted by but few places. Geneseo, however, is one of them.

Such a kindly reception have the squirrels met in this town that they are increasing in number every year; their only enemies, the cats and dogs, killing but comparatively few. In many homes here they have been trained to sit on the knee and feed from the hand, and as to children the furry animals appear absolutely fearless.

THE ANTS' COMPASS

Travelers in Australia do not need a compass to assist them in finding the directions. A species of industrious ant builds its nests in straight lines, directly north and south, and enables one to easily determine the direction without the aid of instruments or watching the sun.

MY WOODLAND FRIENDS

As I go singing all alone
Down woodland paths, so green and cool,
That end through flickering sun and shade,
By rushing brook or silent pool,
The tall trees seem to bend their tops,
The pine-cones tumble at my feet,
The nodding ferns stand quietly,
As though they wished my song to greet.
And in some dim and shadowy cove,
The wild lobelia, flaming red,
Stands listening on its slender stem,
Or waves a welcome from its bed.
The squirrel peeps from out the leaves,
The sun comes stealing through to see
Who dares to hush the wild bird's song
And saunter by so carelessly.
So, as I wander all alone
Through dusky paths that bend and wind,
I move amid a company
Of wildwood friends, most dear and kind.
GERTRUDE CROWFIELD, in *St. Nicholas*.

DOG AND BOYS MADE HAPPY

Pups and Their Mother United Through Help of East Side Lieutenant

Eleven boys, the oldest thirteen and the youngest six, walked Indian file into the East 104th street police station and ranged themselves in front of the desk.

"Please, Mister," said the spokesman of the delegation, we've come after Nellie.
"Nellie?" repeated Lieutenant Masterson.
"Who is Nellie?"

"Nellie's our dog," answered the spokesman, "and you've got her locked up here and her five puppies are home crying for her."

At the mention of Nellie and the five puppies several of the visitors wiped tears from their eyes and the smallest member of the delegation wept aloud.

"You mean the dog that Policeman Wiegold brought here from Abraham Sherman's flat?" the lieutenant asked.

A chorus of wails was the answer.

"But, boys, I can't let you have that dog. She bit little Sydney Alter on the leg and we've got to keep her here till the department of health sends an inspector to see whether she has rabies."

"She hasn't any rabies," sobbed the spokesman. "She's got babies. And they're all crying for her."

"If you can get the father of the boy who owns Nellie to come here and say it's all right, maybe I'll let you have Nellie," said the lieutenant, and the boys went away, the sound of their crying growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

In an hour they all came back, transformed. None of them was crying, and the fat little boy of six, who entered last, was eating candy and laughing. Two of his companions carried a basket. They set it down upon the floor and lifted the cover. Within were five puppies.

"We thought if we couldn't take Nellie to the puppies, maybe we could bring the puppies to her. They're awful lonesome," said one of the basket carriers.

Lieutenant Masterson stepped around from behind the desk and picked up the basket. He disappeared in the direction of the cells where Nellie was. The boys heard exclamations of delight from Nellie and murmurs of happiness from the puppies. In a few minutes the lieutenant reappeared. He had with him not only the puppies but Nellie.

"Take her and go home," said he. "You're all right."

"So are you," said the spokesman of the delegation, as he reached up a stick of his candy in appreciation of the lieutenant's kind act.—*New York Herald*.

Migratory birds travel with a punctuality so sure that the Persian calendar is based upon their arrival.

For Our Dumb Animals

ROY

Little fox terrier, Roy, you're my friend;
You're clever and brave as can be—
And your tail, with its violent stop at the end,
How you wag it in limited glee!

Fox terrier, Roy, you're so genial and bright,
So winning and fond, I suppose
Your heart must be happy and youthful and light,
Though you have such a sharp little nose!

And your eyes! How they sparkle and how they
express

The words that your tongue cannot say.
How pitiful, too, as they turn when you guess
Your master has wandered away.

Oh, Roy, you're a blessing! It ne'er can be told
How loyal you are, nor how cute;
And how I'd resent it if somebody, cold,
Should christen you merely a brute.

You're a dog, little Roy, but you're more, and your
face

Speaks wonders! You're faithful and true—
And you're something so fine that a mortal can place
Full trust in your friendship as you.

So here's to you, Roy, with your white, tan and
black,

And here's to long living and joy,
For I love the spot-saddle that covers your back
And the dog dwelling under it—Roy!

COLETTA RYAN,

Boston, Mass.

From Devon and Exeter Gazette (England), Sept. 4.

ANTI-VIVISECTION

France, or rather Paris, with its Pasteur Institute, has been the very stronghold of vivisection. The brilliant discoveries of Pasteur, the immense benefits he bestowed on the world by his researches, dazzled the public and obscured the issue as to whether vivisection had much to do in the results obtained, and whether, apart from the moral aspect of the subject, all the infinite hideous sufferings of animals have been justified by practical results benefiting man. For a mere sentimentalist to combat the medical profession, without data to go on, would be as impossible as foolish. Happily for those who love God's humbler creatures, and who loathe cruelty in all its forms, evidence is accumulating everywhere that the results of years of torturing defenseless animals have either been negative or distinctly harmful to medical science, simply from the fact that there exists little or no analogy between the diseases of man and the lower animals, and that, therefore, no correct knowledge can be gained by inoculating animals with human diseases.

When such men, amongst many other savants and eminent surgeons, as Lawson Tait, Drs. Bell and Wall, Professor Delbet, the great French savant, and some of the prominent men of the Pasteur Institute, deny the utility of vivisection, censure the useless cruelty, and raise their voices for its abolition, its days must be numbered, though prejudice dies hard. The victory is not yet of those who are fighting against this grievous wrong towards those who are helpless to help themselves, for they have to fight against an established practice, and many of its votaries are men whose opinions it is impossible to ignore. And then there is the great, indifferent public, or the cowardly, selfish public, who, could they be persuaded that the sacrifice of thousands of living creatures would add to their personal safety from disease and pain, would not hesitate to sanction it. Still, there are not wanting signs that "the day is dawning everywhere," the day when there shall be no more legalized torture, and when the public conscience shall be aroused to its enormity, and recognize that its continuance would be a slur upon our boasted civilization and humanity.

EDWD. FOX SAINSBURY,

Dieppe, France.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC

Many of the forest folk are very fond of music, and seem to take as much pleasure in it as we do ourselves. A young blue jay at one time spent two months as a guest in my home. We all know what harsh voices the jays have. Did any one ever hear one sing a sweet, tuneful little song, I wonder? While the small jay lived with me it was my custom to practice singing for half an hour every morning. No sooner had I seated myself at the piano and struck a few chords than "J-J" hopped over the doorsill and settled himself on the rung of a near-by chair. He listened with rapt attention, and after a few days he tried a bit of song himself. At first I had to stop and laugh, his performance was so amusing; but after a few weeks' practice he could sing very sweetly—not exactly the tunes he heard, but little ones that he made up as he went along. If any noises pleased him, he began to sing. A heavy thunder shower or the whirr of the sewing machine always moved him to express his delight in song.

More than two hundred years ago a young violinist, Isidore Berthame, was obliged to practice on his violin many hours daily. One day he saw a spider peeping at him from its crack in the wall. Soon it ventured forth, and every day it grew a little bolder, drawn irresistibly by the sweet sounds which issued from Isidore's fiddle. At last one day the boy had the great pleasure of seeing the spider take its place on his bow arm. Presently his stepmother, coming into the room and seeing the spider, killed it with a blow of her slipper. The death of his pet was such a blow to the boy that he fell fainting to the floor, and was ill for three months afterwards.

When the great herds of cattle on the plains become restless, the cowboys sing them to sleep, and often prevent a stampede in that way. They say that the steers are especially fond of "My Bonnie," "Lorena," and "The Cowboy's Lament."

Squirrels and mice are ardent music lovers. Dr. Chomet tells us that one day while strolling in the woods he sang an air from an Italian opera, and, chancing to look around, he saw a number of squirrels, all listening with delight to his song. The next time you take a woodland ramble try singing a few songs, or, if you play a flute or fiddle, play a few tunes, and see what effect it has upon your little forest friends.

MARGARET W. LEIGHTON,
in Nashville Visitor.

From Lecture before Humanitarian League, London

THE KINSHIP OF LIFE

Children should be taught to be humane. Mere cleverness may make a clever rogue: it is humane education that is most needed, and, alas, that is most neglected. The scientific side of life is better able than the poetic to take care of itself. True culture involves the training of the emotions as well as the intellect, otherwise we shall never realize the fine ideal of Renan, who "could not be discourteous even to a dog." When we have cultivated humanity in children, and afforded later opportunity for its practice by men and women, the problem before us will be solved. My last word then, is this: Let us be humane to each other, and the spirit of humanity will naturally extend itself to the whole kinship of life.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

Charlestown, Mass., Sept. 13, 1909.

Dear Sirs:—I was very much amused the other day to see an old horse hitched to a city ash cart, gallop after a fire engine which had just passed. Upon inquiring, I found that he was an old fire horse. The sense of duty still clung to him.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE H. FEENEY.

THREE OF OUR FRIENDS

Photographed for Our Dumb Animals by
E. L. WIERMAN, York Springs, Pa.



For Our Dumb Animals
MY PENSIONERS

Rain-draggled, under eaves they cower—
Sun rises late, and cold the morn:
Or, snow sifts down in wintry shower,
And chills the "cheeping" row forlorn.
Patient they sit through frost and rains:
Their blood scarce quickening freezing veins.

A window creaks; on swirling breeze
The morning's breakfast whirls and flies:
Small feathered boarders spring and seize
Heaven's bounty from the pitying skies.
No law to hunger—each for self:
The crumbs are snatched like choicest pelf.

Soft, spring-like airs, and twitterings gay:
No freezing feet, no draggled wing:
Warmth, love and joy now rule the day:
Wide-sweeping flights, while blithe hearts sing.
Forgotten now the once-sought door?
Lo! old-time beggars ask for more.

Mid-summer comes, with life and heat:
Plenty on shrub, in waving field:
Sure, far away rove wings and feet—
All bounty now earth's pastures yield.
Beggars at door? "Of crumbs, a few!"
Parents, and lusty offspring, too!

Well, late September's here at last;
Man, bird and beast o'erflowing fed:
Earth's riches now are garnered fast—
No tramps, no mendicants to dread!
Doors open swing in generous moods—
BEGGARS, with first and second broods!

And when I ask, if these are dreams;
If pity reaches "crack of doom":
Reply comes quick:—"It sure besseems
To give Christ's pity verge and room.
And wherefore not? God's children they,—
Albeit sparrows, clad in gray."

Stay, then—our guests—Christ's "little ones":
From love no less than want you come:
Bring your sweet girls and sturdy sons,
And take a place in heart and home!
Our stinginess shall ne'er be brought
To make you even look your thought.
One only word:—Your "cheep" we prize.
We also love the Blue-bird's song;
The Yellow-bird's bright gown: the cries
Of Fire-bird, Robin—friends so long.
Your dress is Quaker—that means Peace.
Be Friends—let all hard feelings cease!

S. J. DOUGLASS,

New Haven, Conn.

CONQUERED BY KINDNESS

Eclipse, supposed to be the oldest horse in Cumberland County, New Jersey, is dead, and there is mourning in the family of his owner, William J. Purvis, says the *Elmer, N. J. Times*.

Eclipse inherited the vicious traits of his mother, an army mare, and early in life gave promise of being a kicker and a biter. He was, however, conquered by kindness, finally becoming docile, lovable, and the pet of his owner and the people of the town.

He was a special favorite among children and showed an almost human fondness for them. In the past five years he was sometimes turned loose on the commons and children would take hold of his tail and climb up his hind legs and sit on his back, four or five of them at a time, and Eclipse would walk around carefully with them until he got tired, when he would gently shake them off and leave them.

The grief of his master for his faithful horse, and the fondness of the horse for his master, were touching. About midnight, a short time before Eclipse died, a girl in the family of Mr. Purvis went to the stable, where the suffering animal at once recognized her and laid his fevered head on her shoulder and pressed her cheek.

"Always speak to a horse as you would to a gentleman."

TRIUMPH OF PROTECTION

Island Where Birds Are Safe From Fearful Slaughter of Other Places

One of the largest and most important colonies in the bird reservations is that of Battledore Island. From end to end this island is simply teeming with bird life. Mr. Herbert K. Job thus describes this wonderful place in *Harper's Magazine*: Words are inadequate to describe the sights of this remarkable island. It was simply full of birds. A nest of some sort or other there was at nearly every step. Myriads of skimmers, royal and Cabot's terns, laughing-gulls, and Louisiana herons were to be seen. In all directions the air was full of birds. Here bird protection seemed to have reached its climax, its limit. There was positively no more room here, not another bird house lot was for sale.

During parts of two days spent blissfully amid the wonders of this crowded metropolis of the birds, there was occupation for every moment. The birds, accustomed to the presence of the warden, were so tame that I could study and photograph them at will. Occasionally, when I used the tent for some very intimate work, I could erect it in plain sight of the birds, crawl in, and in a moment all would be on their nests again, even before I could make ready my camera. I shall never forget my sensations when, having finished the work to my satisfaction and exposed my last plate, I took a bath in the tepid water close at hand. Floating on my back, I watched the hovering cloud of birds, and listened to the chorus of their voices. Somewhat weary from my activities in the hot sun, a delicious languor began to steal over me, and I felt as though I were very near Paradise, the gates ajar. Yes, I had indeed entered—into Nature's Paradise! Here bird protection had absolutely triumphed, and on Battledore at least there was nothing further to be done. It was the achievement of the ideal, the victory of the right, the crowning success of the Cause, the wonderous result of less than five years of bird protection.

BLIND ANIMALS

Most of our boys and girls are familiar with the saying, "blind as a mole," but, like many other popular sayings, it is incorrect, says the *Christian Advocate*. The English mole has eyes, though they are small ones, indeed, it does not need to see much, its life being nearly all passed underground. In America there is a water mole with eyes so tiny that it is difficult to put a human hair into the opening. Still, in Southern Europe, there is a species of mole which does not have so much as a suggestion of eyes.

When we come to the reptile family, we discover another mistake, for the blind-worm, a familiar British snake, is not blind, but has quick and clear sight. Snakes which are nearly or totally blind are, however, found in caverns, and these find their prey—chiefly small insects—by the sense of touch. Fish, also, exist which have never seen the light of day, and one species, found on the coasts of Great Britain, lives as a parasite upon larger fish, clinging to them by its suckers.

Many people suppose that most caterpillars are blind, their eyes not being noticeable; but, nevertheless, they possess these organs—usually three of them, set in a triangle. We generally find that even those dwelling in the heart of a tree have eyes. Many varieties of beetle, however, are quite blind, and so are multitudes of tropical ants—the "driver" ant, which is one of the most active of his kind among men.

"He who is not actively kind is cruel."

IDEAL TREATMENT OF ANIMALS

Civilization's Great Debt to the Four-Footed Races Should Insure Kindness

A large part of the energy of civilization has come out of the bodies of the great four-footed races, declares F. Howard Moore in the *Chicago Tribune*. The horse, the ox, the mule, the elephant, the camel, the reindeer, the water buffalo, the yak, the dog, and the donkey—on the powerful and patient backs of these patient beings civilization has been borne for unknown hundreds of years. The power and nobility of these races have enabled man to carry out enterprises he never could have dreamed of undertaking single handed. Without horses or other beings able and willing to wield the great implements, agriculture, the most basic of human industries, would be almost impossible.

In the ideal state man treats the races of beings affiliated with him not as objects of pillage, but as beings with rights and feelings and capabilities of happiness and misery like himself. He is kind to them and ever mindful of how he may gladden and enrich their necessarily meager lives.

He gets real pleasure by simply seeing them happy and realizing that he has in some measure contributed to that happiness. He provides them plenty to eat, comfortable homes, vacation days in which to rest, opportunities for pleasure and pastime, an education, and infirmaries for times of misfortune and decline.

He does not drive them until they are ready to drop. He does not abuse them until they are so nervous and soured that they have to be muzzled to keep them from biting at passersby. He does not cut off their pretty tails nor rein up their heads into horrible positions in the interest of an illiterate vanity. He does not go around with a stick or a whip with which to attack them whenever he does not feel well or things go against him at home.

He talks to them. He treats them as the Arab treats his horse. The Arab regards his steed always as his comrade, as one whom he delights to please, taking him into his own tent if necessary, and putting his arms around his neck, and looking into his beautiful eyes, the assurance of true love and fellowship.

In short, man, when he acts ideally, treats these beings at all times as associates, not as slaves or machines; as his best friends and most faithful and valuable allies. They, on the other hand, come to recognize man as their true guide and benefactor.

DOG GRIEVES FOR MASTER

Animal instinct above the average was displayed by a Gordon setter, owned for several years by Stephen I. Hammond, who died at his home in this city recently, states the *Cincinnati Inquirer*. Mr. Hammond had long been known as a friend to dumb animals, having written articles on the subject.

Just as the master was breathing his last the dog entered the room and made frantic efforts to jump up alongside the dying humanitarian. It was with great difficulty that the dog, a gentle animal, was taken out of the room without biting some one, and now cannot be driven away from the door of the death chamber, refusing to eat or even take a drink of water. The dog had been a wanderer with a broken leg before Mr. Hammond adopted it.

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.



Auguste Bonheur

COWS AT A WATERING PLACE

Courtesy of Kindergarten Review

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON COWS

A New Jersey farmer has discovered that music pays in the dairy business. He employed a Swiss milkmaid who yodeled, and the daily supply of milk increased. The milkmaid left, the cows moped, and the milk supply decreased. He bought a phonograph and installed it in the stables, and when he put in the kind of music the cows liked they gave down freely. Some tunes made them dry up.—*Boston Journal*.

NEW STYLE CATTLE CARS

Through the solicitation of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, new style cattle cars will soon be used on the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

These cars show many improvements over the former type. They are constructed with round-cornered jambs, sills, doors and gate-bars, with every bolt and nut on the inside of the car countersunk. They are equipped with a patent coupler to prevent sudden jarring when starting or stopping. The doors are higher and wider, thus making it possible for cattle to enter or leave the car easily and more safely. The first five hundred cars are nearly ready for use.

Other railroads will undoubtedly have to follow the lead which the Pennsylvania has taken, and it seems probable that further improvements will be made.

The transportation of cattle has been attended with much suffering to animals, occasioned not so much by poor cars, perhaps, as to neglect, over-crowding, side-tracking, and other delays. These conditions can only be balanced by so ordering transportation that not only shall cattle be shipped in safe and comfortable cars, but also fed and watered as their needs may require while in transit.

MORE HUNTERS THAN DEER

It is said that more than 25,000 deer hunting licenses have been issued in this state for the coming season. The number of deer in the Adirondacks is estimated at 20,000, with 5,000 more in the Catskills and on Long Island, and the hunters must be satisfied with one apiece.—*Gardiner, New York, Weekly*.

Laws for the protection of wild animals, we think, can avail little when they allow as many deerslayers as there are deer. And how is it possible to hunt in such over-crowded conditions?

PET BABOON SAVED THE BABY

The "coat of arms" of the Fitzgerald family of Ireland is the figure of a baboon carrying a baby, and underneath the Latin motto, "*Non immemor beneficii*." The story connected with this strange device is interesting. Long ago one of the family was away at the wars, and had left his household in charge of one or two old retainers and the women servants. Suddenly there came an alarm of the enemy, and all fled, forgetful of the little baby, the heir of the house. A pet baboon noticed the omission, ran to the cradle, caught up the child, and ran with him to the top of the abbey steeple, holding him out for the people to see. The servants were all in terror, but the baboon carried the child safely to the ground. When the child's father returned, he felt that he owed a debt of gratitude to the dumb beast that had saved the heir of his house; and he was not ashamed to set the monkey in the center of his knightly shield, and place beneath the motto, "Not unmindful of his kindness."

For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. PSALMS.

DOG RAKES HAY

Henry Manson, of Hinckley, has trained his dog, "Ned," to rake hay after the rack, says a correspondent in the *Clinton, Maine, Advertiser*.

Mr. Manson has made a little rake with wheels attached and the dog is hitched into it and will follow after the tumbles of hay and clean up the scatterings. Mr. Manson said: "Whereas the rake has to be emptied often, yet Ned earns as much as a boy fourteen years old."

The dog has other ways of usefulness. When night time comes, at just such an hour each day, the dog leaves for the pasture after the cows and never has to be told that it is time to drive the cows home. He drives them again to pasture in the morning.

Mr. Manson seems to have the faculty for training domestic animals to be of use about the place. A short time ago he had a cat that would bring the mail from the mail box and was seen each day to wait for the mail carrier.

TEXAS BOY HAS PET COYOTE

A pet coyote belongs to Roy Calloway, a Dallas boy, who declares that coyotes can be made tamer than dogs. This particular coyote came from western Texas when two and a half months old. It is now a little over a year old and fully grown, says the *Dallas News*.

This pet plays with the children, lying down to be rubbed by them, and frolicking about the yard with them. She likes to play with dogs, but the dogs object. The coyote sits on a box and waits for her young owner to come home in the evening and shows her pleasure when she sees him.

"I think," Roy says, "that no dog could be more lovable than my coyote."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Boston, October, 1909.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary, 19 Milk Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last page. All who send subscriptions or remittances are respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts, which is published each month, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, to kindly notify us.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere, but they should first apply for proper authorization. Liberal commissions will be given.

TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at the special price of twenty-five cents.

BACK NUMBERS of *Our Dumb Animals*, for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale in small or large quantities at greatly reduced prices. They are specially adapted for distribution at fairs and exhibits of all kinds.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of the twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines published on this continent north of Mexico.

Our Dumb Animals also goes regularly to all members of our two Humane Societies; to the executive officers of all the Humane Societies throughout the entire world; large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries; thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries; members of our National Congress; presidents of all American colleges and universities north of Mexico; writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various states and territories.

In Massachusetts it goes to several thousands of business firms and men; all clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic; all lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents; large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers; about 500 of the Society's agents in almost every city and town; Bands of Mercy; many subscribers and others; the Boston police; the legislature; hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters; the editors of all newspapers and other publications; many newspaper reporters.

\$1,000 CHECK FOR BUILDING

As the vacation season closes the fund for the Angell Memorial Building shows an increasing interest on the part of our readers, who from California, France, and Germany, as well as from many nearer sections, are generously responding to our appeal. The wide reach of this movement is shown by the receipt of a single check for \$1,000 from a neighboring state. The Humane Building promises to be a memorial offering worthy not only of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals but of our world-influencing American Humane Education Society as well. The receipts during the last month are:

Previously acknowledged	\$29,805.49
"H. W. C., New York, N. Y."	1,000.00
Miss Martha J. Atkins, Provincetown, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Harry B. Ekmann, New Haven, Conn.	1.00
A. C. Andrews, Minneapolis, Minn.	10.00
S. L. Swasey, Concord, N. H.	1.00
Loyal Temperance Legion, York Sprgs, Pa.	1.00
Marion G. Brown, Berkeley, Calif.	1.00
Miss Pauline Allen, Roxbury, Mass.	1.00
Sherman Williams, Penn Yan, N. Y.	5.00
Y.P.S.C.E. Courtland St. Ch., Everett, Mass.	1.00
George Gardner Hall, Boston, Mass.	50.00
Elvira P. Carter, Mercy B'd, Boscawen, N. H.	1.00
"A Friend," Newport, R. I.	10.00
Mrs. Max Weiner, Cambridge, Mass.	.75
Miss E. C. Wilson, Boston, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. M. C. C. Wilson, Cambridge, Mass.	100.00
B. R. Banning, Berkeley, Calif.	100.00
Miss Emily V. Lindsley, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	50.00
Miss Fannie Shrenk, New York, N. Y.	1.00
Mr. Edward Fox Sainsbury, Dieppe, France	5.00
Mrs. Edward Fox Sainsbury, Dieppe, France	5.00
Mrs. S. A. Marshall, Sylmar, Md.	1.00
A. Haskell, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. W. B. Jackson, Marion, Va.	1.00
Miss C. A. Hedge, Brookline, Mass.	5.00
Baroness von Sternfeldt, Munich, Germany	3.55
David H. Newcomb, Springfield, Mass.	1.00
W. G. Hart, Portland, Me.	1.00
Total	\$31,268.79

WHEN SHALL WE KILL?

A reader in a distant state writes us to protest against what he understood to be the meaning of the true snake story published in our September issue. Now, the editor desires to announce right here that he is not to be held personally responsible for all the views set forth in the signed articles that appear from time to time in this paper. While it is the mission of *Our Dumb Animals* to create a healthy public opinion against cruelty to animals, we do not expect all our contributors to present the same ideas on every phase of humane work. Our columns are open to free discussion on subjects of vital interest, and we do not expect all to take the same view-point, as will be seen by some of the articles that appear in this number. We have probably 300,000 readers each month, and we cannot hope to try to get them all to think exactly alike on minor matters, but we do hope to get them all to stand on the broad platform of "Kindness to every living creature."

The spirit of the story in question is, we feel confident, right. The rattler which the members of the party set out to kill was not bothering the would-be-killers, and the pursuit was made simply for the carnal pleasure of killing. This does not mean that there are not times when a rattle-snake or any other dangerous animal should be killed. But the lesson of the story, as we understood it and as we think the author intended it, is that killing should not be indulged for the mere pleasure of killing. Different views obtain as to whether animals should be slaughtered for museum purposes or food purposes and the like. But there is a broader outlook which we wish to emphasize, and that is, when the motive for killing has no justification other than the desire to murder one of God's creatures just for the sake of crushing out life, then the killing is absolutely wrong. It does not matter whether the subject be a worm or an elephant, a sparrow or a horse. Surely, we should all read this much in the command, "Thou shalt not kill."

PETS AND NOBODY'S PETS

Almost daily there comes to our table either a letter, or newspaper, containing an account of the life and death of a dumb animal, a pet cat or dog, or perhaps an aged horse.

We often republish, when space will allow, as much as we can of these contributions, for they always bespeak the kind master or the merciful owner. These accounts always tell of the intelligence, faithfulness, and affection of animals, at times almost human, and it is easy to see that these qualities were developed through kindness.

While we tenderly care and generously provide for a single pet and even extol its virtues and mourn its loss, shall we not also remember that great host of unloved, unprotected, neglected, and abused creatures? And can we not devise means to do more to make their lot less painful?

HON. JAMES M. BROWN

By the death of Hon. James M. Brown, president of the Toledo, Ohio, Humane Society, on August 25 last, the anti-cruelty cause in America loses another veteran leader. Mr. Brown was first vice-president of the American Humane Association at the time of his death, and had previously served that organization as president for many years. He was a distinguished lawyer of Toledo, who wielded a life-long influence for good through his philanthropic services both on the platform and in the press. His wise counsel will be especially missed by humanitarians.

BEQUESTS OR GIFTS?

Because many wills with bequests to charitable organizations in late years have been contested, often by distant relatives who come forward in a threatening manner seeking only a compromise which shall benefit themselves financially, our Massachusetts Society has had several gifts from friends who prefer to be sure that their desires will be respected. Several amounts of money thus contributed have been received from time to time.

Recently three estates, located in Dorchester, Quincy, and Nantucket, have been deeded by their former owners to the M. S. P. C. A. We would remark the wisdom of this course for the benefit of those who contemplate remembering our Societies in their wills, but who wish to have no doubts as to the outcome of their intended philanthropy. In cases where it is desirable to reserve an income during life, suitable provision can be made readily.

FOR THE ANGELL MEMORIAL

From a Personal Friend

"I have always been a friend of his and of the cause of dumb animals," writes a well-known Bostonian, in sending his check for the Angell Memorial Building.

"The cause, in my opinion, is a most worthy one, and I am very sorry it was not built while he lived."

Easy Way to Raise Fund

From the South we received these kind words, under date of September 15:

"In the last issue of *Our Dumb Animals* I notice a letter from Mr. Foster Howell advocating a very easy way of raising a large sum for the building in memory of Mr. Angell, namely, that each reader of the paper give \$1.00. This seemed to me a most excellent plan, and I enclose my contribution to the fund, wishing you all success in the Memorial Building."

Children Glad to Help

York Springs, Pa., Aug. 26, 1909.

Mr. Guy Richardson: Enclosed find one dollar toward the Angell Memorial Building fund, from the Loyal Temperance Legion of York Springs.

Am sorry the amount is so small but we would like to show our interest in the project.

Wishing you the largest success in the project, I am,

Sincerely your friend,

E. L. WIERMAN,

Ass't. Supt. of L. T. L.

Our Paper in Germany

A correspondent in Munich, who conducts a very practical charity for horses in that city, writes as follows:

"Your journal, *Our Dumb Animals*, is of such a kind as I have never seen before. There is no such paper in Germany, France, or anywhere. It gives me again trust in God. I have not the words to express my feeling. Please kindly accept the little sum I am going to send you for the Angell Memorial Building.

"I am very sad about the horses. So very often they are suffering from want of food; so I had the idea to go to the building-places with bread. I did so seven months myself, but now my health is poor and I send an old trustworthy man to those places. Every day, at eight in the morning, I give him my orders."

A Humane Building, as a permanent memorial to George T. Angell will plead continually for the cause for which he toiled incessantly.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868

HON. HENRY B. HILL, President pro. tem;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Prosecuting Agents in Boston

JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Special Agent;
THOMAS LANGLAN, CHARLES F. CLARK,
GEO. W. SPLAINE, FRANK G. PHILLIPS,
JOSEPH M. RUSSELL, HARRY L. ALLEN.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 19 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden, and Hampshire Counties—
DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street,
Room 327. Tel. 828-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L.
DYSON, Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 2758-12.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable and Bristol Counties—
HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield, Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 19 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Main 1226.

Ambulance Always Ready

Someone is on duty at the main office at every hour of the day or night, including Sundays and holidays, and the ambulance for sick or disabled horses can always be had by calling Richmond 572; or our Massachusetts Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases, where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

PRIZES FOR EVIDENCE

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hereby offers:

- (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.
- (2) \$25 for evidence to convict of a violation of the law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.
- (3) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.
- (4) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of a violation of the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

EXAMINED 3,784 ANIMALS

At the September meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held this morning, it was reported that the prosecuting agents of the Massachusetts Society, in their investigation of complaints during the month, examined 3,784 animals, took 116 horses from work, and mercifully killed 203 horses and other animals.

The Massachusetts Society is remembered in the will of Col. A. A. Pope (\$1,000), and has received a gift of \$100 from Edward Wharton.

Boston, September 15, 1909.

NO CHAMELEONS AT FAIRS

One of our division agents writes as follows, under date of September 21:

"I ran up against a proposition at the different fairs this month that I have never met with before, the selling of chameleons or little lizards tied to a chain to be worn on the coat or waist. I was successful in stopping the sales, but not until I had threatened court proceedings."

BIG FINE FOR CRUELTY

One of the largest fines ever imposed in the courts of Massachusetts for cruelty to animals was that of \$150, which the judge of the Dorchester municipal court ordered a Charlestown man to pay for driving a horse to death. The defendant also was fined \$5.00 for being drunk, which probably accounts for his atrocious act. Another proof that temperance and kindness go hand in hand.

NEW FOUNTAIN ERECTED

The city of Boston has just placed in position a new drinking fountain for horses and dogs, given by our Massachusetts Society. It is of the most practical style, consisting of a plain round bowl which can be approached by horses from all sides. This is of special advantage as the fountain stands near the intersection of four streets, B, West Seventh, Old Colony boulevard, and Dorchester avenue, South Boston.

GOOD WORDS FOR AGENTS

We are always glad to receive assurances of the worth and popularity of our prosecuting agents. These come to us often in commendatory letters and by gifts and bequests made on account of valuable services performed. A generous remembrance was reported recently by a Massachusetts judge who took occasion to testify to the great value of our agent in that section, by whose work the attention of the testator was directed to our Society.

CHILDREN HELP M. S. P. C. A.

In August the juvenile guests of the Black Rock House at North Cohasset gave a little play for the amusement of their grown-up friends. The kind friend who sent a check for \$27.27 as the proceeds of this enterprise writes:

"The morale of the simple entertainment, entitled 'The Fairies' Lesson,' and chosen by the children themselves, was a plea for kindness to all dumb creatures, and the children wish that the contributions from interested friends shall go to your Society."

We were very glad to make these children members of the organization, and feel sure that their summer spent in our midst will be all the more delightful to look back upon because of their effort to help the speechless.

DRAFT HORSES IN DEMAND

The claim has often been made that the automobile and trolley are steadily displacing the horse and that the introduction of motor vehicles would so reduce the price of horses as to make them in a short time worthless.

This claim is not supported by facts, and at the present time the horse is even in greater demand and more valuable than ever before. It is true that the railroads have banished the stage-coach and the prairie schooner, and numerous mechanical devices on the farm are doing the work once required of the horse, yet, in spite of these inventions and substitutes for horse power, the demand for heavy draft horses is continually growing.

Statistics for the past twenty years show that prices for horses have advanced from 35 to 40 per cent. and that horses have been steadily increasing in number.

For Our Dumb Animals

HUMAN EDUCATION—A FIRST STEP

"W. B.," in *Our Dumb Animals* for July, 1909, writes in very general terms of the need of humane education—of its beginning in the family. I should like to detail a specific instance of such education with its very broad results.

Here in this family of mine are four small boys, little savages each of them, as full of life and curiosity as red squirrels, fuller, indeed, of curiosity and interest in every sort of living creature—as is every normal boy who has a chance to be. I have watched this interest narrowly for the supposed natural cruelty of the natural child, but have not found a trace. They do not differ from other children; they simply have this advantage over some, namely, that they themselves live as natural animals in a natural world, and the life of things, as it moves and behaves, is so entirely interesting that they never thought of killing or torturing for the sake of abnormal behavior that follows pain. With this interest to begin with (which, I believe, is natural to all children), their specific education in ways humane became simply the quickening and extending of the knowledge and curiosity they already had.

As they lived in the fields they naturally kept doing this for themselves; but something more, something larger, was necessary: their knowledge needed to be organized, related, their interest directed.

First, some of the modern animal stories were read to them: but it was too often the story rather than the animal, that held their interest and besides, most of the stories were either so goody-good, or so viciously untrue as to be morally harmful. Then Arabella Buckley's "Life and Her Children," and "Winners in Life's Race," were begun and the boys carried carefully through these accurate and delightful volumes with this result; they got a view of life from the amoeba to elephant, of the orders and families of animals, their habits, characteristics, relationships, and distribution, and the parts they have played in the making of the world.

Here was something more than a pretty-kitty story, or a super-fox story, or a sermon on how cruel it is to throw stones at anything in general. Here was genuine science, fascinatingly, simply told, that gave these children a knowledge of life as a whole, and an interest in life for its own sake—sound, true, wholesome, moral knowledge and interest.

After this it was inevitable that the small lives and the large lives about them—the caddis in the brook, the fox in the woods—should have for them equal value and equal interest, for a caddis fly in "Life and Her Children," was just as worth while as the elephant in "Winners in Life's Race." So, also, in the actual world of their open fields and woods.

With this sort of an introduction to life, a rusty tomato can full of leaf mold and a snail is just as good to watch as a cage full of polar bears. I have seen it over and over. All life has become interesting, and interesting as it lives and behaves naturally. There is no desire to kill, no desire to watch the abnormal behavior that follows pain.

There is nothing—neither sermon nor story—that will take the place of the simple truth about things—the whole scientific truth. It is amazing how little chicken-licker literature the child needs, and how much scientific truth he can take in and grow on.

DALLAS LORE SHARP,
Hingham, Mass.

There is little room for doubt that the protection and encouragement of insectivorous birds offer, in most cases, the surest means of relief from the depredations of insects.

F. E. L. BEAL.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated March, 1889

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, printed on the preceding page.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL"

We have in our principal office (in a large frame and conspicuous position) the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

A RARE BOOK OFFER

In memory of Arioch Wentworth's magnificent bequests in aid of humane work of our Societies, the American Humane Education Society will now distribute 100,000 copies of its most popular books, bound in heavy paper, pages 7 x 4 3/4 inches, printed from clear type:

"Black Beauty" (264 pages).

"Strike at Shane's" (91 pages).

"Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst" (154 pp.) in good editions at the nominal price of two and one-half cents per copy (half cost only) in lots of ten and upwards. Express or freight charges on an average order bring the net cost within three cents per copy.

Samples of all three sent upon receipt of ten cents to pay postage.

Orders from publishers, school authorities, booksellers, humane societies, institutions of every kind, both Catholic and Protestant, Sunday schools and Bands of Mercy, and the humanely disposed everywhere, will be filled at once by addressing the Secretary.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS

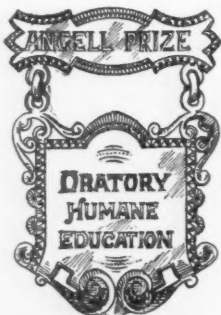
A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions. On the back is engraved, "The American Humane Education Society."

The price is one dollar, postpaid, which is just what they cost us in quantities. Each is packed on purple velvet in a box suitable for mailing.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society, or Band of Mercy, or school, or Sunday school, or church, or library, or any other object preferred.



ON TEACHING KINDNESS

The society in an institutional church at Manchester, England, has a "committee on kindness" to which the children report any opportunity to do good that they may have had.

Teaching children kindness is fast coming to be regarded as obligatory and not voluntary in the public schools. Laws compelling it have been passed in one-fourth of our states. The wisdom of such legislation has been seen in practical results. When the influence of school as well as of church and home shall promote kindness in the child-life, we shall see how rapidly vice and crime will diminish.

A MODERN ST. FRANCIS

Rev. Father L. Kenny, of St. Louis University, kindly sends us this memorial notice of an eminent scholar who was not above noting the sparrow's fall:

"Rev. Leopold Bushart, who departed this life on the first of September at the St. Louis University, was surely one of the great men of the Catholic church in America. He was in his day president successively of five different colleges—St. Xavier, Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis University; St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo.; St. Mary's College, Kansas; and Marquette University, Milwaukee; and was Provincial Superior of the Society of Jesus in the Mississippi Valley.

He was a member of the S.P.C.A., and kept some of his breakfast every morning for the sparrows and the pigeons that gathered outside his window. It was said of him by one who knew him intimately for years that few of the Saints had learnt so well as he the Master's lesson—to be meek and humble of heart.

THE HUMANE HAWAIIAN

A San Francisco correspondent who is traveling in the Hawaiian Islands sends the following observation from "Bystander" in the Honolulu Advertiser of August 20:

In the Manoa Valley I saw a team of draught horses pulling a heavy load. The driver was an aged Hawaiian. He did not whip his horses, but when he found a convenient place he cramped the wheels so the animals could stand at ease. Then he cast about for a water faucet. One was spied in an empty lot, but there was no bucket about, so the driver dished his big campaign hat and filled the crown with water. He carefully took it to the horses, repeating the operation several times until both animals were refreshed. Then he thought of his own thirst, and, turning his hat, he filled the inner side with water and drank his fill. After patting his big horses gently, he picked up the reins and started off again. It was a simple, homely act of humanity to dumb brutes, and his employers are fortunate in having him serve them.

Somewhat less than a year ago we sent 500 copies of our humane books to Honolulu. Perchance a copy of "Black Beauty" fell into the hands of the kind driver. Who shall say?

AT ST. PAUL CONVENTION

Among the delegates from New England to the annual convention of the American Humane Association, at St. Paul, October 5, 6, and 7, are Mrs. M. Jennie Kendall, of the N. H. Woman's Humane Society, Nashua; Miss Harriet G. Bird, of Red Acre Farm, Stow, Mass.; and Mr. Guy Richardson, of Our Dumb Animals.

I think every city is under the strongest obligation to its people to furnish to the children, from the time they begin to walk until they reach manhood, places within the city walls large enough and laid out in proper form for the playing of all sorts of games which are known to our boys and girls and are liked by them.

PRESIDENT TAFT.

HUMANE TEXT BOOKS

We have received a copy of the excellent paper read at the annual convention of the State Humane Association of California, in San Francisco last month, by Mrs. Laurence Gronlund, secretary of the Oakland S. P. C. A. Her subject, "Humane Text or Guide Books for Schools," is one of great interest to many of our readers, and we regret that space permits the publication here of but an extract:

Investigation proves that most teachers are in need of aid to enable them to carry forward with profit to the children this study of humane education. It has been stated to me as often as I have talked with teachers, and correspondence with school superintendents has brought forth the same suggestion, that if a suitable text or guide book to be used as a basis for instruction were in the hands of the teachers, they would be enabled to carry on the work with some real profit to the children.

We have taken it for granted that the teachers are equal to the occasion, forgetting that they have had no special preparatory training or instruction along this line of work, that they are not provided with a suggestive guide book to aid them, that the subject is a large one and, under present conditions, a difficult one for the teachers to handle.

There is no doubt that a well-arranged text book facilitates the study of any subject. This much is done to advance knowledge in other lines of study; why not do as much in this important branch? It takes much time and thought, not to say talent, to plan and map out lessons for systematic study, even when one is duly informed. The purpose of any text book is to improve upon this method and to economize time and energy.

If humane education is to accomplish what we hope, it is important that the work proceed with system. The child must be given definite knowledge concerning the intelligence, character, virtues, feelings, ingenuity, etc., of the so-called dumb creatures. He must learn that they think and reason; learn how they care for and teach their young, and construct their homes; learn that they use care and judgment in self-protection; that they have courage, dignity, patience, gratitude, affection, and many other virtues; learn about their excellent memories, their keen observation, their wonderful sense of smell, sight, and hearing; learn that like ourselves they suffer and enjoy, that like ourselves, they are seeking happiness and trying to avoid pain; learn of their struggles for existence and the tragedies that enter their lives. All of this is to teach the child that the dumb creatures are intelligent beings, possessing many virtues, and having wants and feelings differing in degree only from our own.

Education does not mean the development of the child in one line only. The heart must receive attention as well as the head. Religion must be taught. Of what use is an educated man if he is a wicked man? —*Sacred Heart Review.*

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle flags, its badges, and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

EVERY DOLLAR SPENT FOR HUMANE EDUCATION IS A DOLLAR SPENT FOR THE PREVENTION OF WARS, INCENDIARY FIRES, RAILROAD WRECKS, AND EVERY FORM OF CRUELTY AND CRIME.



For Our Dumb Animals.

PETER

Peter was a fisherman, very humble, and very poor. My acquaintance with him began near the seashore at the close of a poor fishing season and was in this wise:

Three years ago, while on a vacation at Kennebunkport, Me., as I was carpentering one morning in my barn, something soft caressed my ankles. On looking down, I discovered a starving cat, whose thin sides scarcely covered his appealing ribs, and whose staggering steps betrayed his famished condition. The story was plain—here was a waif left over from the previous season by some cottager, and who had picked up a precarious living through the winter by catching a few fish from the creek as he was able.

Lifting in my arms the shrunken remnant of a cat, I carried him into the house, where my wife and I prudently ministered to his needs. For the first week he could not walk the length of the veranda without lying down in panting exhaustion; but toward the close of the season he picked up, and became a healthy and appreciative animal. Of course we took him to Tilton, N. H., when we returned to our home at the end of the season. He has given up fishing as an unprofitable occupation, and depends on tried friends for all his supplies.

His peculiar habits are interesting. Like most felines, he studies his personal comfort. The first night he was allowed to stay in the house he found his way to the foot of my bed, and coiled himself in purring content: he has been allowed ever since to sleep at the left corner, near the footboard, on a cloth spread for his accommodation.

He is quite social with us, often following my wife and myself when we go down town in the evening, sometimes turning three corners before he leaves us—there are unfriendly dogs beyond—when he dives into a garden hedge, and waits for our return. Two hours later, perhaps, he comes out from the hedge with a little cry of gladness and pilots us to our front door.

He has learned the meaning of a few words associated with his simple needs. "Are you hungry?" is a question that is generally sure to arouse him from his evening meditations, and if then asked, "Do you want some meat?" he starts for the kitchen where a corner of the floor

by the sink is covered with a folded paper. His meat is usually placed on this paper, but he will take a portion from our fingers and carry it from any part of the room to his paper. He is quite particular to keep his food on his tablecloth, putting it back on the paper when it slips off in chewing. "No! No! Nothing more!" is sufficient to end his teasing for additional feeding. The question, "Peter, do you want some catnip?" will call him almost any time to my chamber where a tin box is kept containing the fragrant herb.

Gratitude, said to be left out of cats, is certainly manifested by Peter. At the time of feeding, when his meat is placed on his paper, if I continue near him, he will cease eating, rub his head in gratitude against my hand, and then return to his food.

He often coaxes us to play ball, and some other games that he has learned, but enjoys an hour's ramble with us in the woods the best of anything. The snapshot at the head of this article was taken as Peter was reaching upward for an anticipated morsel.

Although Peter is no longer a fisherman, the discipline of that winter when he was an outcast has worked out for him the profitable fruit of self-reliance, and enabled him to become the aristocratic lord over his range at our end of the street, as intruding cats and dogs who have felt the sharp weapons concealed in his great paws can testify.

But how about the heartless family at the summer resort who went back to their fashionable life in the city and left such an intelligent animal as Peter to starve?

J. M. DURRELL,

Tilton, N. H.

GOOD WORD FOR THE CAT

The comparisons which are sometimes drawn between the merits of the cat and the dog, as if we could only bestow a limited friendship on one or the other of them, are (to me) very odious; especially as the contrast seems usually designed to depreciate the merits of the less favored cat. But why can we not appreciate both? Or, if we must feel a partiality for either, can we not see that it is but a personal, individual preference, and not an absolute one? On this understanding, I would say a good word for the much maligned, ill-used cat.

How well we know all the stock phrases by which the cat is disparaged! The

cat, forsooth, loves places and not people. The cat cares only for her own comfort, and is not sufficiently grateful for kindness bestowed on her, whereas the dog is man's faithful friend and follower. The real difference, I take it, between cat and dog is this. The dog has become a wholly artificial and civilized animal, having been for centuries bred to man's order, and formed to meet his wants. He is a visible embodiment of gratitude and friendship, a flattering, tail-wagging testimony to the exceeding goodness and nobility of the human race. The cat, on the other hand, is less plastic and compliant, there being a feral element in her nature which has not lent itself so readily to the shaping hand of man. She is more obstinate, more independent, more self-centred. But that the cat does offer her friendship to those who possess the key of sympathy, who shall doubt? Even to propound such a question is laughable to any one who has ever really known a cat. Indeed, as Pierre Loti says, in his wonderful "Book of Pity and of Death," there is a "supreme confidence" in the way in which a cat will entrust her life and welfare to the human companion whom she loves.

The question, therefore, of preference for cat or dog simply resolves itself into this. Which sort of friendship do you prefer—the faithful, grateful, obsequious attachment of the dog, or the less accessible, less demonstrative, but not less genuine affection of the cat? Where both are true and valuable, it is no more than a matter of individual taste and choice. For my own part, I like the aloofness, the fastidious waywardness of the cat; and I think that the friendship which needs some effort for the making of it is, perhaps, better worth having than that which is offered almost ready made.

As to the statement, sometimes made by dog lovers, that the cat, being by nature a wilder animal, does not stand in such need of human protection against cruelty, it seems too absurd to call for serious refutation. I remember a countryman remarking to me, "They say a cat's not an animal, but vermin"; and I believe this view to a great extent underlies the common and widespread ill-treatment of cats. The real truth is more nearly expressed in the words of De Quincey, that "The groans and screams of this poor persecuted race, if gathered into some great echoing hall of horrors, would appeal to the heart of the stoniest of our race."

H. S. SALT in *The Animal's Friend*.

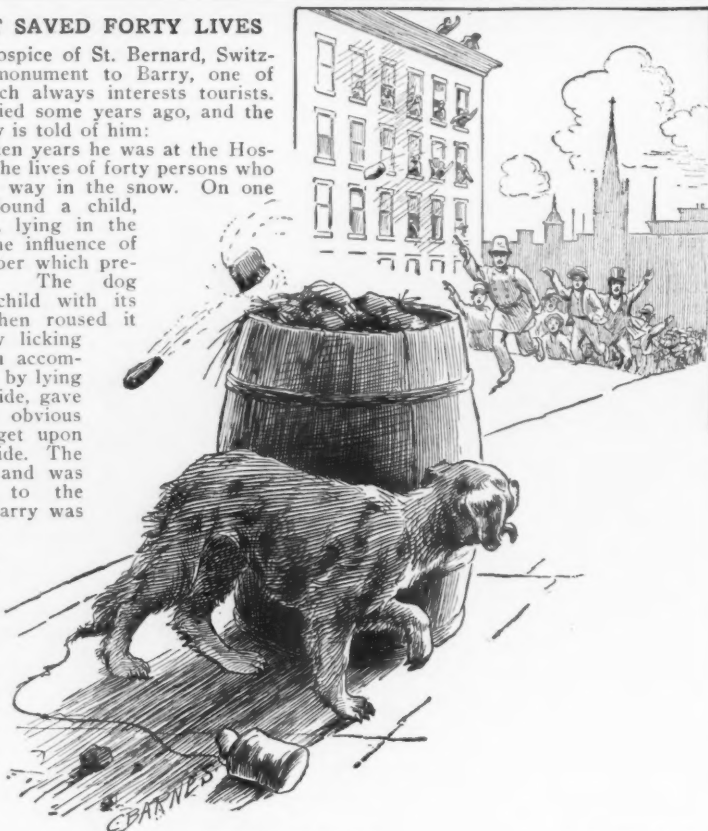


Courtesy of Good Housekeeping Magazine.

DOG THAT SAVED FORTY LIVES

Near the Hospice of St. Bernard, Switzerland, is a monument to Barry, one of the dogs, which always interests tourists. This animal died some years ago, and the following story is told of him:

During the ten years he was at the Hospice he saved the lives of forty persons who had lost their way in the snow. On one occasion he found a child, ten years old, lying in the snow under the influence of the fatal slumber which precedes death. The dog warmed the child with its breath, and then roused it from sleep by licking it. This much accomplished, Barry, by lying down on his side, gave the child an obvious invitation to get upon his back and ride. The child did so, and was thus carried to the monastery. Barry was killed by some unknown person, probably in mistake. The inscription on the monument is: "Barry, the Heroic. Saved the lives of forty persons, and was killed by the forty-first."



WHICH IS MAD?

Courtesy of Life

NO DOG-POUND IN CLEVELAND

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

As you have had reports from other cities, I think you will be interested to know that in Cleveland, with considerably over 500,000 people, we have no dog-catchers, no pound where the unlicensed dogs are killed because license is not paid, and no dog-muzzling.

We have a state law whereby dogs are taxed, one dollar for a male and two dollars for a female, but no dog is killed because the tax is not paid. This is right, because the dog is not to blame for his master's negligence, or inability to pay the tax.

We have fewer persons bitten by dogs in proportion to the population than Chicago, where 30,000 dogs are killed each year in the pound, and where dogs are muzzled the year round.

We are grateful to our humane City Council which has also placed all fire and police horses, unfitted longer for active service, on the large 2,000-acre farm at Warrensville, in the suburbs, where the poor and unfortunate of the city are living. Such horses were sold formerly at auction, and usually had a hard life.

The result of all this is, that small animals are quite generally welcomed in homes when lost in our large city. Children are spared the cruel sights often witnessed when the law requires the lost and unowned to be gathered up and killed.

For the sake of the dog, man's devoted friend and helper, I wish other cities would try our humane way. They would, probably, after they had personally visited their pounds, because nobody wishes suffering and death if it can be avoided.

Sincerely,

SARAH K. BOLTON,
Cleveland, O., Sept. 16, 1909.

KILLED WHILE ON DUTY

Brooklyn Police Dog Sacrificed to Devil-Machine Whose Driver Escapes

Police officers of the Parkville station in Brooklyn, N. Y., feel keenly the loss of one of the best-known members of the force. Ollie, a brown Airdale terrier, twenty-two months old, who joined the staff about a year ago, became dazed for an instant by the glaring headlights of an automobile. Whether he saw her or not, the chauffeur of the big machine made no effort to slow down, and the wheels of his car passed over the valuable animal.

The whole affair happened so quickly that Officer Farrell, whom Ollie had accompanied with nightly regularity, had no time to save his faithful comrade. Although he shouted, the occupants of the car laughed and hooted and disappeared with increased speed. Farrell fired several shots at the tires of the machine, but with no apparent effect. Two patrolmen on motor cycles were hurriedly detailed in pursuit of the car, but the murderers made good their escape.

Ollie was a favorite with the men because of her intelligence and fine disposition. She was very fond of children and as gentle as a lamb with them. Officer Farrell said she had more intelligence than many human beings. She will be buried with departmental honors in the yard behind the police station, and the officers are going to take up a subscription to buy a headstone for her.

Do not sell a faithful, worn-out horse to a peddler, is the sound advice of the *Farm Journal*. Five dollars is usually the most he will give for such a horse, and few men would care to be kept awake at nights by disturbing thoughts of how they came by the five dollars.

ARGUS

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arrived at last—poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends and ev'n his queen unknown,
Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,
His faithful dog his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashiered, he lay;
And though ev'n then expiring on the plain,
Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
Him when he saw, he rose, and crawled to meet.
('Twas all he could), and fawned, and kissed his feet,

Seized with dumb joy; then falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died.
ALEXANDER POPE.

FRIEND THAT NEVER FAILS

The following tribute to a faithful dog is paid by its appreciative owner, the editor of the *Hickory, North Carolina, Democrat*:

The man who has never owned and loved a good dog has missed one of the best things of life. When luck goes against him and things look blue, when men look at him askance and it seems that nothing is good on earth, the man who owns a dog has one friend who will always remain the same, through evil and through good report, who is always glad to greet him and who believes in him thoroughly. He is the one friend who never questions your actions or your wisdom and who believes that, like the king, you can do no wrong. When a man loses a friend like that he feels that something has gone from his life which it will be hard to replace.

Byron voiced this sentiment when he wrote, although in a somewhat misanthropical mood, these lines over the grave of his favorite dog, "Boatswain":

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never had but one, and here he lies."

DOGS AS LIFE-SAVERS

"The dog as a life-saver has been rediscovered," writes William G. Fitz-Gerald in the *Technical World Magazine*. A thousand years ago Bernard de Menthon, great-grandson of a paladin of Charlemagne, founded his hospice on the bleak eight-thousand-foot peak that bears his name, and installed his dogs as aids to the Alpine wayfarer. And today the emigrant laborer lost in deep, pathless snow owes life and succor to these superb brutes.

But the ambulance dog seeking the wounded on the battlefield; the dog as 'policeman' and rescuer from the waters—these are institutions of yesterday—invented, so to say, to meet changing conditions of modern life. The war dog was wanted, and you will find him now with every army on earth. He runs errands, and carries dispatches, through an enemy's lines where a trooper would surely perish under a pitiless fire.

But, above all, he smells out the fallen who have crept into holes and corners to escape the rain of shot and shell, and the cruel wheels of galloping guns and charging squadrons. The Russian general, Count Keller, employed a troop of ambulance dogs in the late war; and his medical staff were, by their means, enabled to find hundreds of the wounded who must otherwise have died miserably in remote corners of a battle front extending for forty miles.

It is probable that if there were more places where the wayfaring dog could get a drink of fresh water there would be fewer mad-dog scares.—*Indianapolis News*.



AN OREGON TURNOUT

For Our Dumb Animals MY DRUMMER BOY

I know a little drummer boy,
All dressed in gaudy hue,
Who every day all summer long
Beats loud his rat-ta-too.

I've heard of drummer boys that beat
Their drums at Waterloo,
At Lexington and Bunker Hill—
And well they did it, too.

But this brave drummer boy of mine
Drums not when bullets fly,
And bayonets gleam and cannons roar,
And men fall down and die.

My drummer boy drums only, when
His heart is full of joy—
For he's a jolly fellow,
Is my little drummer boy.

He's not so very big, but oh,
You ought to hear him beat
His rat-ta-too so loud and strong—
It's really quite a treat.

He doesn't beat a real drum,
He's far too small for that,
And he never uses drum sticks
To beat his rat-ta-tat.

I'm sure you've seen my drummer boy,
With cap of brightest red,
For he drums on roofs and trunks of trees,
High up above your head.

I love my saucy drummer boy,
And as each season comes,
There's naught that gives me greater joy
Than the rattle of his drums.

HENRY A. PERSHING,

South Bend, Ind.

For Our Dumb Animals

QUETZALCOATL BANDS OF MERCY

Quetzalcoatl, the divine man of the Nahuas, is one of the most picturesque characters of Indian mythology. While worthy of a place in the Fine Arts, the legend concerning his mission of mercy among the aborigines is also of value in educational literature, as it illustrates the possibility of teaching even the blood-thirsty savage, lessons of kind and humane treatment of dumb creatures.

When Cortez entered Mexico the Aztecs at first believed him to be their god-man for whose return they were looking.

Quetzalcoatl is regarded by many scholars as merely an offspring of Fancy; but he may have been the Buddhist priest who, some Chinese writers claim, in the year

499 A.D. visited a place called Fusang, which is believed to be Mexico or California. This, however, is purely conjectural.

The first humane teacher of America is described as being a white man of attractive personality. He was tall, and wore a long, white robe, and had a flowing beard.

He was to the Indians all that Confucius was to his followers; yes, and more; for he not only taught precepts of righteousness, but also instructed them in the arts and sciences. He was a great reformer, a great civilizer. He taught chastity, temperance, and justice. He was the Indian "Prince of Peace," as he advocated peace rather than warfare.

In temperament he was a poet, as he loved everything beautiful—the flowers, music, brilliant colors, and above all else the birds, whose protector he became.

We are told that wherever he went he was followed by myriads of gay-plumaged birds; and, as the quetzal, or green trogon, was his emblem, he was called Quetzalcoatl, and his favorite bird was ever after regarded sacred by his followers.

Band of Mercy workers among small boys, who prefer playing "Indian" to being good little "Sunday school boys," might organize the dear little savages into Quetzalcoatl Bands of Mercy, telling them the interesting stories of his life and labors as related by several writers.

This legend with variations was handed down by different nations of American Indians.

Hiawatha was the Quetzalcoatl of the Algonquins.

Out of the pagan belief that the souls of the departed inhabit birds, grew reverence for all feathered creatures; and while we do not teach the doctrines of transmigration, these mystical legends enlarge the imagination—the realm where all great inventions, as well as all worthy arts, are born.

OSWALD GILMAN,

Cambridge, Mass.

Not gold, but only men, can make

A people great and strong;

Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—

They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word harmless from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

The total number of Bands of Mercy formed throughout the world, since Mr. Angell started the movement in America, in July, 1882, is seventy-five thousand, one hundred and eight-one, with probably over two million members.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications; also without cost, to every person who forms a Band of Mercy, obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address (town and state) of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
 2. Mr. Angell's "Address to the Boston Public Schools," "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," "Relations of Animals That Can Speak to Those That Are Dumb," and "Annual Report."
 3. "Does It Pay?"—an account of one Band of Mercy.
 4. Copy of "Band of Mercy, Melodies."
 5. The "Humane Manual," used on Band of Mercy Day in the public schools of Massachusetts.
 6. Eight "Humane Leaflets," containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
 7. For the president, an imitation gold badge.
- The head officers of juvenile temperance organizations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.
- Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.
- Any intelligent boy or girl, fourteen years old, can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings

1. Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the pledge together. (See "Melodies.")
2. Remarks by President and reading of report of last meeting by Secretary.
3. Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
4. Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
5. A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
6. Enrollment of new members.
7. Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



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They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border, and we sell five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to orders for less than five.

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WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier. GEO. T. ANGELL.

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BE KIND

Be kind, dear children. The world will bless
The heart that delights to relieve distress—
The hand that is ready to offer aid
The child or animal made afraid,
Be kind.

Be kind, dear children. The heart grows strong
That shuns to be partner with any wrong;
The noblest men that the earth has known
Have lived not unto themselves alone.
Be kind.

Be kind, dear children, and you shall see
Eyes look into yours so gratefully.
Though lips speak not, there is language yet,
And the heart of a brute will not forget.
Be kind.

Be kind, dear children, for God hath said—
The words in his holy Book you read—
The merciful mercy shall obtain.
If you would his loving favor gain,
Be kind.

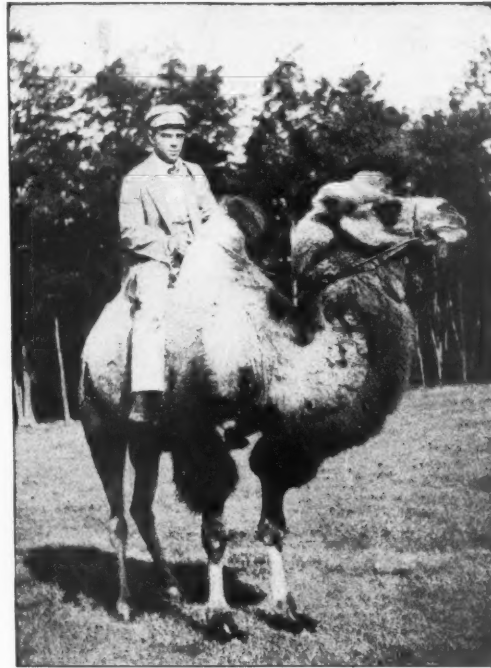
From Lecture before the Humanitarian League, London

THE ETHICAL VIEW

What we can do, what we are bound to do, is to reduce to a minimum this inevitable pain, to stop all needless slaughter, to avoid waste and wanton indifference to suffering. What death and pain we inflict must be in strict accord with the necessities of civilization, and to the ultimate protection and amelioration of the vanguard of the animal world as a whole, of which Man is only the guardian. Above all, if we deal out death and suffering to the animal world around us, it behooves us to test our souls most keenly, that there lurk therein no trace of enjoyment in the infliction, no brutal insensibility to our action, no wanton curiosity, no diabolical passion of vanity or ambition. This is to turn into a curse one of man's noblest prerogatives and duties.

There is no space here to deal with all the practical questions that flow from these principles—questions enormously complicated and subtle—questions of food, clothing, labor, science, and amusement. I reserve them all; each of them is big enough and difficult enough to occupy a separate lecture, or rather a whole work, a night of discussion—we may say a lifetime. And I will only ask you, in conclusion, to consider how greatly the best poetry and thought of the world has been strengthened and inspired by right sense of the claims of brutes, the sympathy and intellect of animals, and Man's communion with the animals—from Homer's noble picture of Ulysses and his dog, Argus, to Cowper's hares, and Burns' field-mouse, and Matthew Arnold's pets, all the legends about the animal world from Æsop to Kipling—all the fine lessons of our literature from Chaucer to Walter Scott.

FREDERIC HARRISON.



THE ARAB'S AUTOMOBILE

WILD ANIMALS DISAPPEARING

In a plea for more organized work to protect the fauna of the world, A. E. Shipley, president of the zoological section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, told the delegates to the recent annual convention in Winnipeg that species are disappearing from the globe at a greater rate than even the most ardent mutationist claims they are appearing.

The European beaver has almost gone, though a few linger on around the periphery of the continent, he said. The European bison is now represented by a few wild specimens in the Caucasus. The American bison is reduced to a few herds, and equally deliberate and equally calculated is the destruction of the fur seal, which threatens soon to be complete. Greenland sealing is almost a thing of the past.

Dr. Shipley said that big game was rapidly disappearing from Africa and that many districts of Australia have been almost entirely cleared of their native animals during a period of only thirty years.—New York Herald.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

THE FAITHFUL CAMEL

In his book on "Tunis, Kairo-u and Carthage," Mr. Graham Petrie describes the characteristics and manners of the camel and the many useful services which that faithful animal performs:

He draws the carts, he treads the wheat, he grinds the corn, and he carries such enormous burdens of hay and fodder that one wonders if, indeed, his poor humped back would not be broken by adding the proverbial straw.

Although his occupations are menial, although his figure is grotesque and ungainly, although his eyes are often covered with blinkers and his mouth enclosed by a nose-bag, although his neck is denuded of its long, handsome collar and his body is clipped and shaved till his skin is as bare as a plucked ostrich, although he is lodged in filthy stables and beaten with sticks by heartless boys, he never loses his dignity of bearing.

The manners of the camel are generally perfect, as is noticeable when one sees a score or more drinking at one of the many wells outside the town. Arranging themselves in regular and orderly rows on either side of the trough, they stretch out their long necks and suck up the water

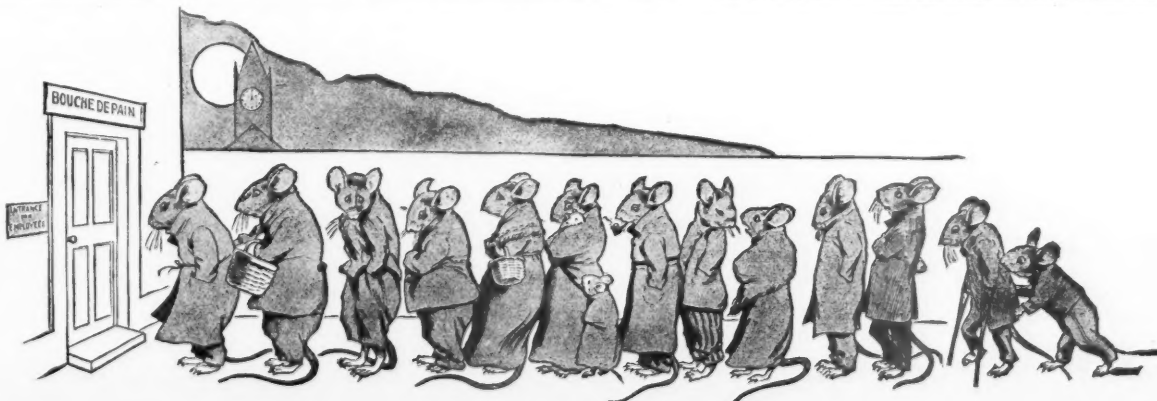
with a solemnity and orderliness that would do credit to the formal etiquette of a Chinese mandarin. There is no rude hustling for place, no indecorous haste, no selfish and ill-bred disregard of neighbors' needs and the rights of others.

When a camel has assuaged his thirst, he quietly withdraws, and with a graceful motion of the neck which suggests a courteous bow of thanks, another takes his place.

Every one knows that a camel is able to carry a store of water which will last him for many days when crossing the desert. One day, as I was watching some camels lying in the sun, I learned how the store was utilized. I saw a small iridescent bubble appear from the mouth of one of them, which rapidly expanded till it was the size of a football. For a moment it hung there, looking quite beautiful, if a little uncanny, as it reflected all the colors of the rainbow in the brilliant glare of the African noon. Then there came a liquid, gurgling sound as the water passed down the throat into the stomach. It is really quite a pretty spectacle.

No fountain is so small but that heaven can be mirrored in its bosom.

HAWTHORNE.



THE TAIL END OF THE "BREAD LINE"

Courtesy of Life

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THE NORTHERN SEAS

Up! up! let us a voyage take;

Why sit we here at ease?

Find us a vessel tight and snug,

Bound for the northern seas.

I long to see the northern lights

With their rushing splendors fly,

Like living things with flaming wings,

Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,

With heads all crowned with snow,

Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,

Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash

Of their terrific fall,

And the echoes from a thousand cliffs

Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,

The sleepy seals aground,

And the spouting whales that to and fro

Sail with a dreary sound.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,

Where wolves and black bears prow!

And away to the rocky isles of mist,

To rouse the northern fowl.

Up there shall start ten thousand wings

With a rustling, whistling din;

Up shall the auk and fulmar start,

All but the fat penguin.

Then softly, softly will we tread

By inland streams, to see

Where the pelican of the silent North

Sits there all silently.

MARY HOWITT, in *Union Gospel News*.

EVERY KIND WORD YOU SAY TO A DUMB ANIMAL OR BIRD WILL MAKE YOU HAPPIER.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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Band of Mercy Badges, Sterling silver, 30 cents;

gold or silver finish, two sizes, 8 and 5 cents

each; gold stamped ribbon, 8 cents; ink stamped

ribbon, 4 cents; button, white star on blue

ground, 5 for 10 cents.

Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents each.

Band of Mercy Card of Membership, 1 cent each.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet by

Mr. Angell, including information for forming

Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

and Bands of Mercy. This and the address of

Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the

Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville,

Tenn., we send without cost to everyone asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

